

Can I Get Fries with That?

by CharlotteAshmore

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Witch/Ms. Ginger

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Summary: Cynicsquest posted the following post on our Episode Discussion on our FB group and I happily obliged. Anyone else want to see the Hamburger Date Down Under? I would write a (hot) 1000 check to hear the Blind Witch tell Rumpel she charges extra for the pickles.

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Disclaimer: Nope, still don't own OUAT or anything remotely associated with it. If I did the writers wouldn't be able to continue to dick around with our beloved OTP.

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Tags: *Belle/Rumpelstiltskin, *The Blind Witch, *Hamburger date redux

A/N: Just a little humor just because and I wanted to fill the prompt. It seemed too fun to pass up. Just a little drabble. It's probably the shortest thing I've ever written and it's not likely to ever happen again lol.

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"I'm not hungry," his wife murmured dejectedly as she toyed with the straw in her ice tea.

Rumpelstiltskin leveled her with a stony look. "After all that's happened to today, I can imagine not, but you have to think of the baby, Belle."

She stared down at the swirling beverage, unable to meet his gaze. "We would be better served going back to the shop and talking about -"

He sighed. "We will ... after you have something to eat." He was in no hurry to discuss what was wrong with their relationship, desperate in fact, to put it off as long as possible.

Before she could argue further, the proprietor - Gods! Belle thought as she stared aghast at the witch, wondering how she'd managed to become owner to the diner - clumsily set down their order. "There you are ... two cheeseburgers, the works with extra pickles."

"Thank you, dearie," the Dark One sneered. He lifted the top bun to make sure she hadn't 'forgotten' the pickles.

"They're there," she tittered, her cloudy eyes narrowing disdainfully. "By the way, they're extra."

Belle couldn't stifle a snort. "Seems some things never change."

The blind witch sniffed the air, her head whipping around in Belle's direction. "Oh don't you just smell delicious ..."

Rumpelstiltskin's lips curled back over his teeth in a snarl as he painfully grasped the woman's wrist. "Don't even think of touching my wife."

"Let go, Dark One. You've no power over me here," she bluffed.

"No ... but I can still show you how to light the pilot light in the oven!"

Belle arched a brow at him, a fry suspended halfway to her lips.

"What?" he asked innocently as he picked up his burger.

She simply shook her head. "Pass the ketchup, dear."

End
file.